

# birthday

Sody

Phone's at the side of my bed  
It's close to the end of September  
And I'm not missing you like I did  
I just hope it's a date you remember  
'Cause I know we said we won't speak  
Messes with your heartbreak  
I know you need your space but

Call me on my birthday  
Just say hi  
Be fake nice to me  
Go ahead and hate me  
For 364  
I'll live mine and you'll live yours  
But there'll always be a part of me  
That's a little bit in love with you  
I understand that leaving you for good means  
I can't have my cake and eat it too  
We ended in the worst way  
But will you still call me on my birthday?

Don't wanna try this again  
I don't wanna ask any questions  
'Cause how you are and how've you been  
Leads to who you're sleeping with  
And what you do and where you live  
How far you are from over this  
Frankly I don't give a shit just

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